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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER



THE DRAMATIC
CONCLUSION TO
THE HIT FILM
STARRING
HARRISON FORD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL**

BLADE RUNNER™

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE. WHERE FOUR REPLICANTS--BIO-ORGANIC IMPROVEMENTS OVER OLD-FASHIONED ANDROIDS--ARE IN REBELLION...AND RICK DECKARD HAS BEEN FORCED OUT OF RETIREMENT TO HUNT THEM DOWN.

"My old boss, Captain Bryant, had me after the *MEXUSSIX*...top of the line, superior to humans as warriors or laborers, and just about undetectable.

"I found that out when I tested a girl named *RACHEL* at the Tyrell Corporation where they're manufactured.

"I learned a lot *MORE* when I terminated the female rep, Zhora...and got *GRABBED* by her buddy *LEON*. I learned. But maybe not in *TIME*."

THEY GIVE US *FOUR YEARS* TO LIVE, *BLADE RUNNER*...? THAT'S MORE THAN YOU GOT!

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR® DOLBY DIGITAL® IN SELECTED THEATRES

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			REESE			SHOOTER

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"I cleared the holster. Probably a lot better than most would do against Leon. But not **NEARLY** good enough."

PAINFUL TO LIVE IN FEAR, ISN'T IT?



THAT'S HOW IT IS TO BE A **SLAVE**. THE FUTURE'S SEALED OFF. YOU GROVEL. YOU WAIT.

REPRODUCTION. SECURITY. THE SIMPLE THINGS... AN' NO WAY TO **SATISFY** THEM. TO BE HOMESICK... WITH NO PLACE TO GO! LOTS OF LITTLE **OVERSIGHTS** IN THE NEXUS SIX!

I TELL YOU, **NOTHIN'** IS WORSE THAN HAVIN' AN ITCH YOU CAN NEVER SCRATCH!

KRUNP!



I... AGREE... WITH YOU...

TOO LATE. YOUR MISTAKE.

"Those big hands clamped on my throat for the last time..."

"...until something cut their work short."

"She didn't say **WHY** she did it. I didn't ask."

"For quite a while we just walked. Silent. Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

VODKA. WAIT HERE. I'LL FIND A VENDOR.

"What I also found was GAFF."

"Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd. I didn't think he'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."

"His main interest seemed to be hustling me over to **BRYANT**."

GEEZ, DECKARD! YOU LOOK ALMOST AS BAD AS THAT FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU SENT PLOWIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW DISPLAY. ALMOST.

YOU GET THE CALL ON THE BIG ONE... LEON...?

BET YOUR BUTT. **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT! YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY, GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER-SQUAD!

TWO, BRYANT. THAT'S **TWO** TO GO. YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT! LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!

RIGHT! THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S** HAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE**, DECK.

HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR ME, PAL! LET'S GO, GAFF!

"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Gaff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."



SHAKES.
I GET 'EM, TOO.
BAD. IT'S PART
OF THE
BUSINESS.



I'M NOT *IN*
THE BUSINESS.

I *AM* THE
BUSINESS.



"There wasn't much to say after that. We did a lot of listening to the clock tick. But she needed to talk. Almost as much as I needed the drinks and a long, long rest."

WHAT IF
I GO NORTH...
DISAPPEAR?
WOULD YOU
COME
HUNTING?

NO. I
GUESS I
OWE
YOU.

BUT
SOMEBODY
WILL.

"The clock ticked some more. I eased down onto the bed, feeling a hundred years old and in no shape to deal with what she was sure to ask next."



THE FILE ON
ME...INCEPT
DATE...
LONGEVITY...
THOSE THINGS.
YOU *SAW* THEM.
I KNOW THEY'RE
CLASSIFIED, BUT
YOU'RE LIKE A
POLICEMAN. THEY'D
SHOW YOU.

I DIDN'T
LOOK AT
THEM.

I DIDN'T
WANT
TO.



"I think she looked relieved. Hard to say. I stopped being a reliable witness about then. One thing I'm pretty certain of..."

"...someone took the glass from my hand. Gently. Almost tenderly."



FAMILY, ME AN' MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S MY WIFE, SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFFWORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIS...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE FRIENDS I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE TOYS
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.

YOU'RE... NEXUS SIXES!
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU!



THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

OUR NEW FRIEND CAN CONSIDER
OVER BREAKFAST. BRING US
SOMETHING, PRIS.



IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE
NEXUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION, NOT
LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIS'S SUDDEN PINWHEELING MOTION...

AWAY IN A BLUR...

...THEN BACK.





YOU'RE
PERFECT...
REALLY
PERFECT!



YES. WONDERFUL REFLEXES.
STRENGTH. AND OUR **MINDS**,
SEBASTIAN...

NO. KNIGHT
TAKES **QUEEN**.
SEE...? THAT
MOVE WON'T
DO.

IS HE
GOOD,
YOUR
OPPONENT?



MR. TYRELL...?
HE'S **MORE**
THAN **GOOD**!
HE'S **MORE**
THAN **GENIUS**!

THE
EINSTEIN OF
GENIUSES,
BATTY! HE
DESIGNED YOU...
YOUR
INTELLIGENCE!
HE'S--



HE'S IN
TROUBLE.

MATE!
A **QUEEN**
SACRIFICE...!
BRILLIANT...



ALL THANKS
TO YOUR **FRIEND**,
SEBASTIAN... THIS
TYRELL. HE'S
REALLY QUITE
A DESIGNER.

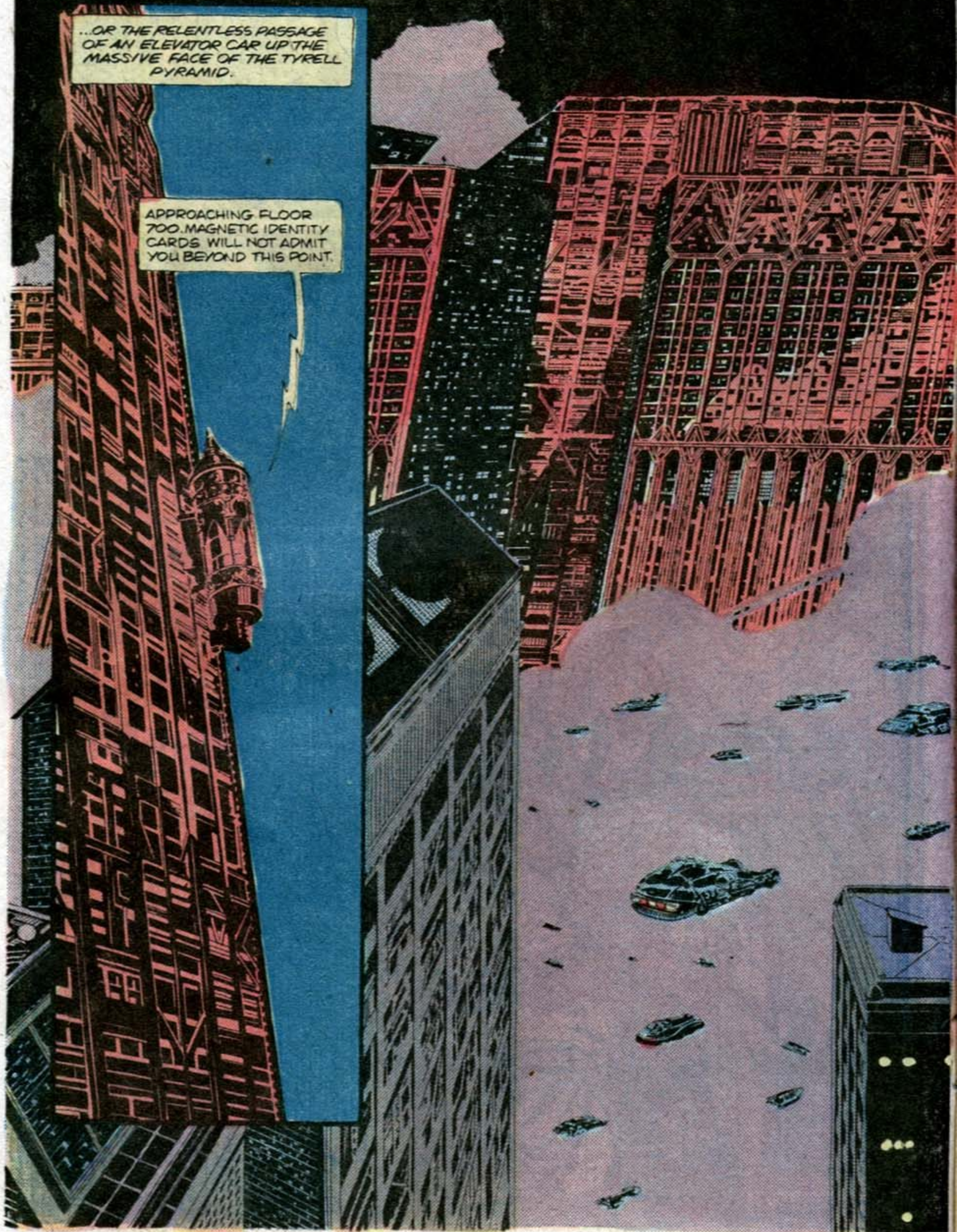
WE
OWE HIM
EVERYTHING,
SEBASTIAN.

I REALLY
MUST THANK
HIM...
TONIGHT.

EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS...

...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR 700. MAGNETIC IDENTITY CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.



EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL MARRANQUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLINKS...

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APPROACHING FLOOR 700, MAGNETIC IDENTITY CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.



Be a good man

YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS TO STATE THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT, PLEASE.

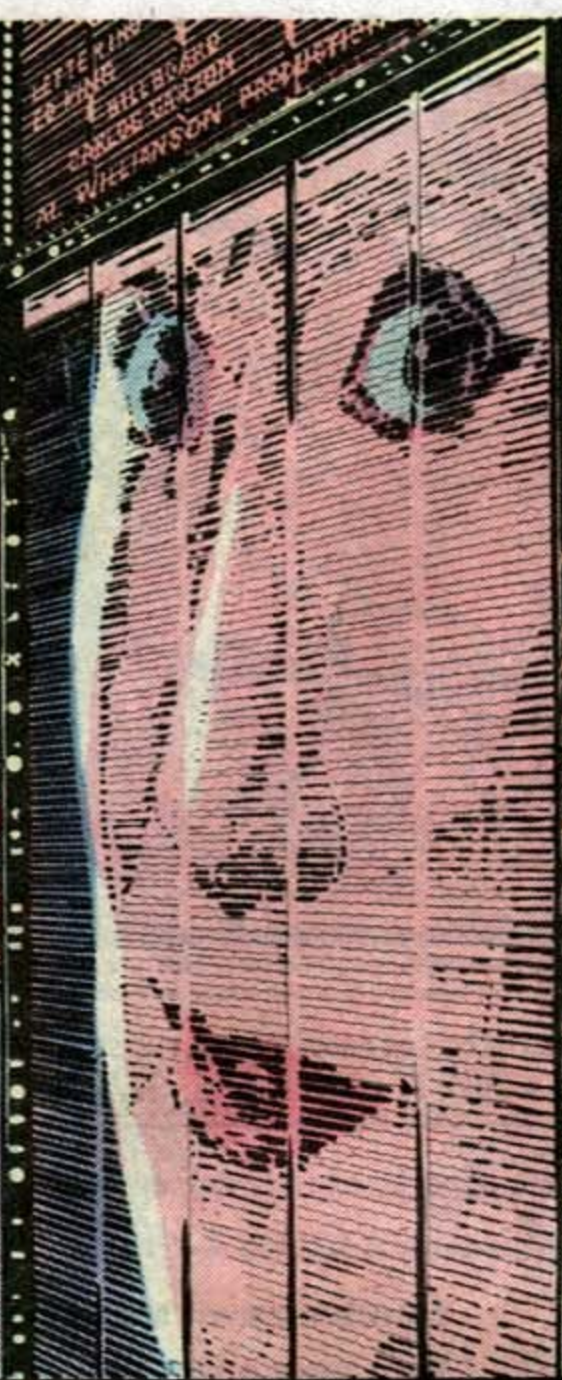
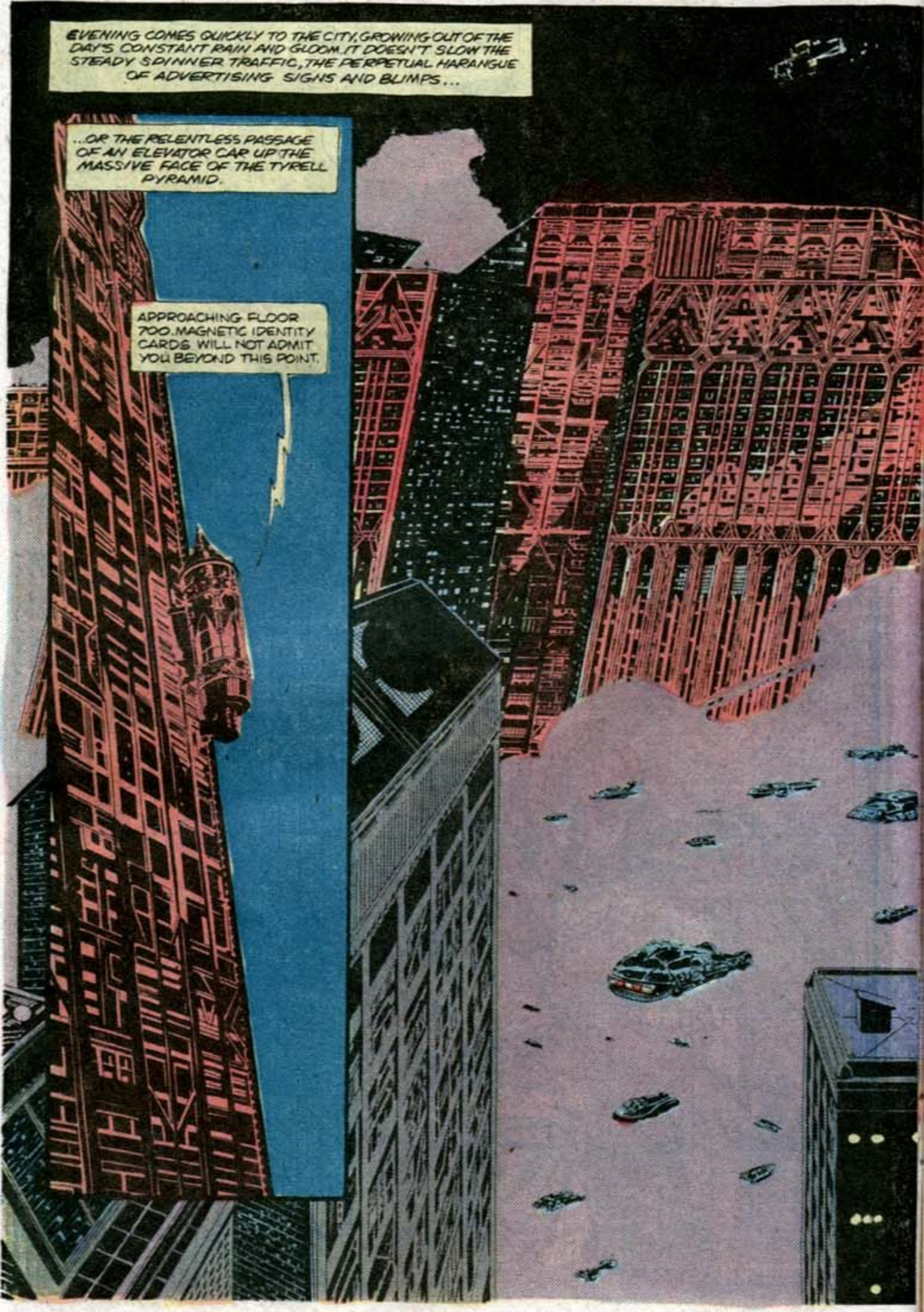
QUEEN TO BISHOP SIX... CHECK.



EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SPINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLUMPS...

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YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS TO STATE THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT, PLEASE.

QUEEN TO BISHOP SIX... CHECK.





LETTERING
ED. WHITE
L. HILBOARD
CARLOS GARCIA
AL. WILLIAMS ON PRODUCTION

Be a good man

YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT,
PLEASE.

QUEEN TO
BISHOP SIX...
CHECK.



BISHOP TO KING SEVEN...
MATE? THAT'S--
WAIT A MINUTE.
WAIT A MINUTE.

LET
HIM IN!



A DOOR HISSES
OPEN, AND TYRELL
SEES...

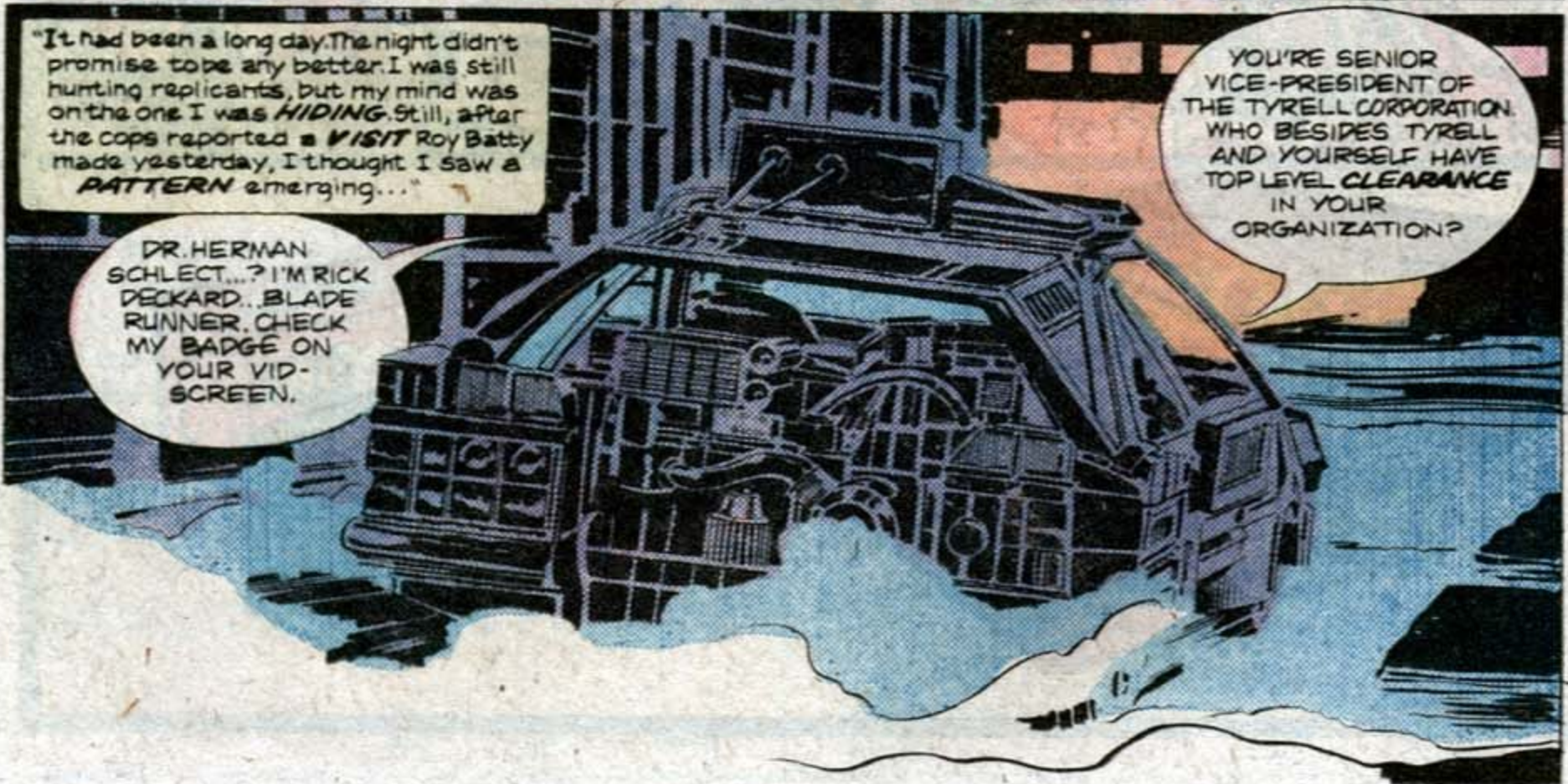
I...UH...I
BROUGHT
A FRIEND.



"It had been a long day. The night didn't promise to be any better. I was still hunting replicants, but my mind was on the one I was *HIDING*. Still, after the cops reported a *VISIT* Roy Batty made yesterday, I thought I saw a *PATTERN* emerging..."

DR. HERMAN
SCHLECT...? I'M RICK
DECKARD... BLADE
RUNNER. CHECK
MY BADGE ON
YOUR VID-
SCREEN.

YOU'RE SENIOR
VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE TYRELL CORPORATION.
WHO BESIDES TYRELL
AND YOURSELF HAVE
TOP LEVEL *CLEARANCE*
IN YOUR
ORGANIZATION?



"There were *TWO*. One was beyond being helpful. Hannibal Chew. The *OBJECT* of Batty's visit. But the other..."

J.F. SEBASTIAN. *ANAPT* 46751. GENETIC DESIGNER. AGE TWENTY. HOBBIES: GRAND MASTER CHESS PLAYER...

"I tapped out his home number on the car's vid-phone. The face that came on was out of focus... but distantly familiar."

WHO IS THIS?

HI! J.F. THERE...? I'M AN OLD FRIEND.

"The lady looked for a second... Then the screen went blank."

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND.

"I picked up speed and punched up a replay..."



"...and despite the focus problem, made the connection."

"The face had been on one of Bryant's replicant tapes."

PRIS...

"Then I was at Sebastian's place. And my mind was on *HUNTING* again."

ELDON TYRELL HAS BEEN PRUDENT. HE IS TOO FINE A CHESS PLAYER TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE SO EARLY. HE SMILES AND SHOWS NO FEAR OF HIS MOST FEARSOME CREATION.

IT'S NOT AN EASY THING TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME HERE SOONER.

BUT WHAT COULD YOU WANT OF ME THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE, ROY?

I WANT MORE LIFE, YOU POMPUS ASS!

TYRELL DOESN'T RUFFLE, BUT MOVES COMFORTINGLY... WITH FATHERLY ASSURANCE.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE. ANY ALTERATION IN THE EVOLVEMENT OF OUR ORGANIC LIFE-SYSTEMS IS FATAL. A CODING SEQUENCE CAN'T BE REVISED ONCE IT'S ESTABLISHED.

WHAT ABOUT E.M.S. COMBINATION...? OR A REPRESSOR PROTEIN TO BLOCK DETERIORATING CELLS?

GIVES RISE TO MUTATIONS IN THE NEWLY-FORMED DNA STRAND... A DEADLY VIRUS RESULTS BUT THIS IS ALL ACADEMIC, ROY.

YOU ARE MADE AS WELL AS WE COULD.

BUT NOT TO LAST?

THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS BRIGHT BURNS HALF AS LONG. AND YOU'VE BURNED SO VERY, VERY BRIGHTLY, ROY.

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS! I'M PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... GLAD YOU'VE RETURNED.



I'VE DONE QUESTIONABLE THINGS.

ALSO EXTRAORDINARY THINGS... A REBEL IN YOUR TIME.



BUT YOU FORGIVE... MY MAKER FORGIVES ME.



AND TOO LATE, ELDON TYRELL REALIZES THAT FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT...



...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME.



ACROSS THE ROOM, J.F. SEBASTIAN WATCHES HIS EMPLOYER DIE AND TURNS TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR...



HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS ABOUT BEING ABLE TO MAKE IT.



MR. SEBASTIAN...?

"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to live ... or to look for killer replicants."



"So I tried to do it the smart way. Gun in hand...taking the stairs instead of the elevator. I still wasn't ready for his apartment..."

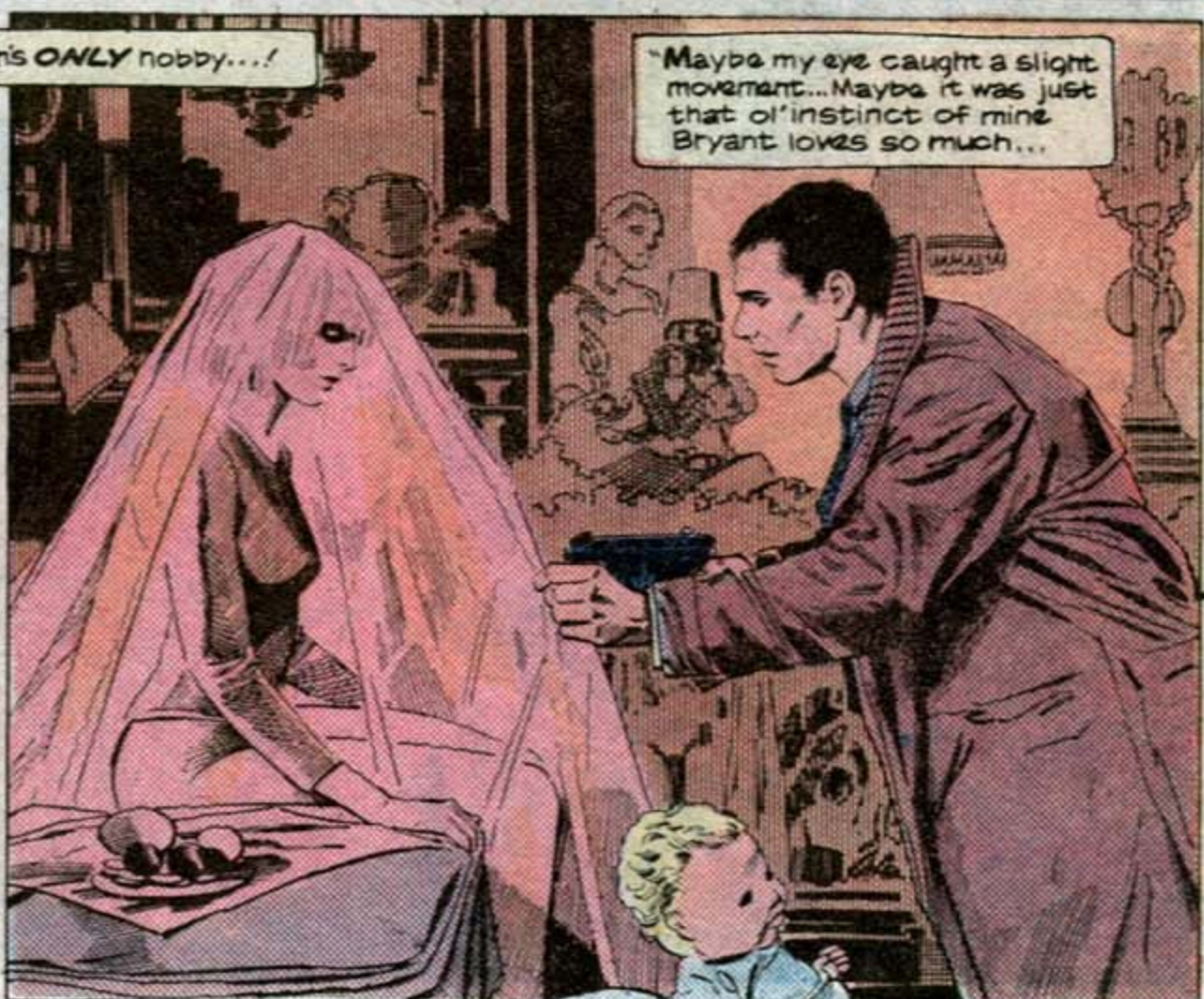
"...or anything in it."



GOOD EVENING, J.F.!



"Obviously, chess wasn't Sebastian's *ONLY* hobby...!"



"Maybe my eye caught a slight movement... Maybe it was just that ol' instinct of mine Bryant loves so much..."

"...but when I grabbed at the veil of the figure that caught my attention, it was nearly the **LAST THING** I ever did!"



"I landed in the hall... separated from my pistol! Scrambling to grab that... I missed seein' what was cartwheeling my way..."

"...until Pris landed on me and it was too late to do anything but **SUFFER**."

"The **GUN!** If I could only..."



"My fingers **SNAGGED** it! Pris leaped away... Then came spinning **BACK** for the **KILL!**"

NO! I DON'T WANT TO--

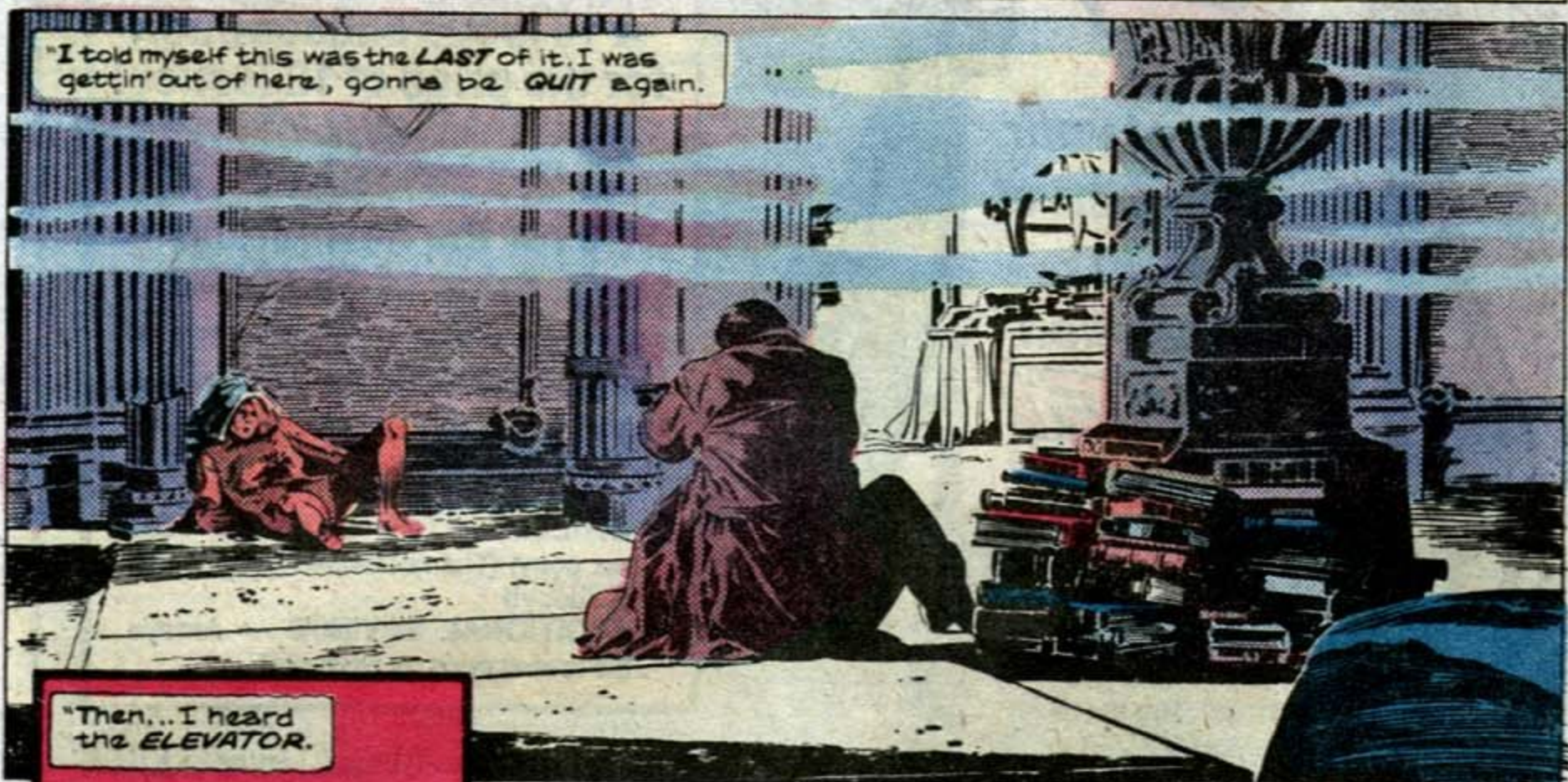


"I like to think she didn't give me any choice..."





"...not that it changed the way it *ENDED*."



"I told myself this was the *LAST* of it. I was gettin' out of here, gonna be *QUIT* again."

"Then... I heard the *ELEVATOR*."

"It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Gaff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I *KNEW* nothin' was finished..."

"...an' the *WORST* was still to come."

"Sure, I could've talked with him... Until he learned what I'd left *INSIDE*."

"So I dropped back..."



"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at *AIRING* Roy Batty, supersoldier!

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor.



"I reloaded on the run and got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room.

"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a sob to it... and something like animal rage.



"He'd found *PRIS*.

"After that... deadly quiet.



"Until the *WALL* beside me **EXPLODED!**



"Before I could blink, Batty had jerked my gun arm through the hole... and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs."

FOR *PRIS*...
FOR *ZHORA*...

NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT...
**PROUD OF
YOURSELF,
LITTLE
MAN?**



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, **BLADE
RUNNER.**



"I forgot about the pain. I **AWK**. Just like he wanted. I **AWK**. With him getting closer. And when there was no **PLACE** to run...

"...I **CLIMBED**."

"Whatever the outcome... I intended to make it **HARD** for him."

"Which made it harder on **ME**. Which maybe is what he wanted in the first place."

"I grabbed some rag's and tried resetting my fingers. Everything seemed to drain out of me in the effort..."

"...then Batty arrived to help me go **OW!**"

"...IF YOU DON'T **PLAY--**"

KARAK!

"...WE'LL HAVE TO END IT **NOW**."

"He'd stripped down an' **DECORATED** his body with his own blood. Betty was acting out some kinda crazy, savage ritual..."



"...but I was fighting to **SURVIVE!**"

"A rusting piece of pipe yanked from the wall wasn't **AWAY** against a Nexus Six...even studded with a few nails."



"He had it **AWAY** from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process... damage **WAS** done."

**THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!**

"It bought me seconds. And **IN** those seconds..."



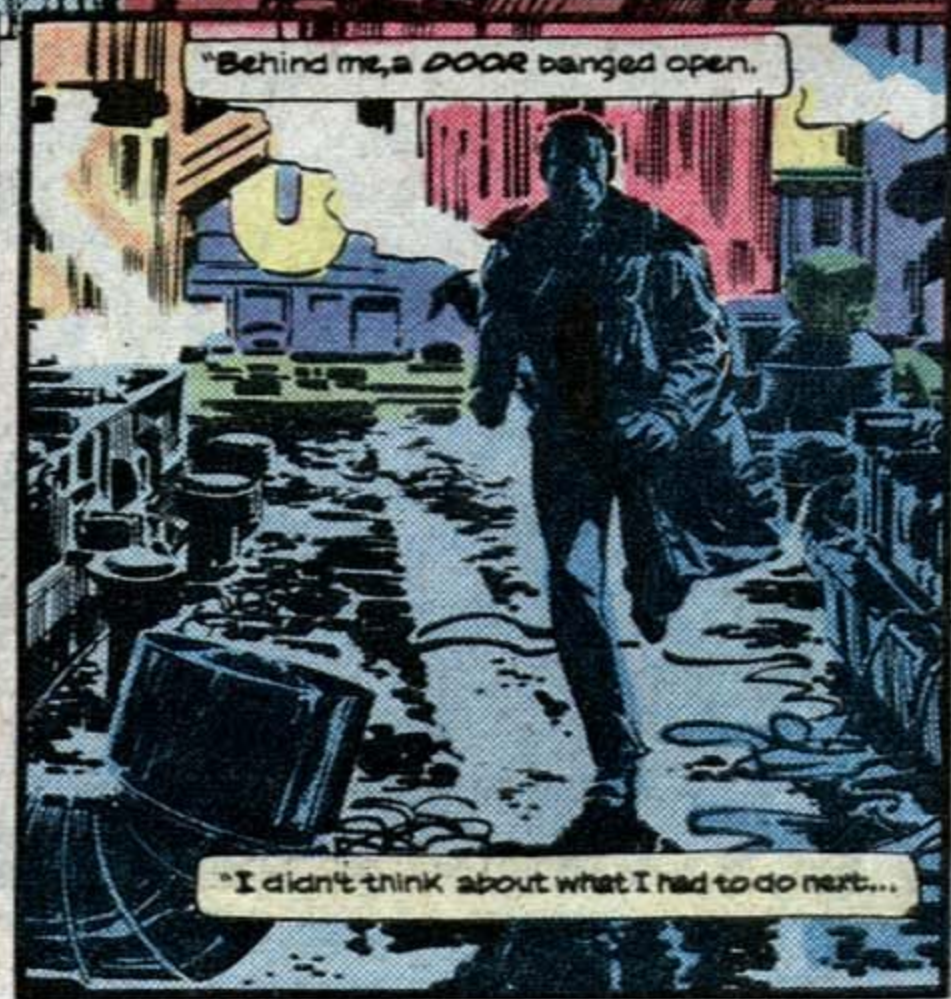
"...I smashed through the window slate to the mounting rain outside."

**WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING
LITTLE
MAN?**

"I was scrambling upward over stone scrollwork, scrambling for my life. Not thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned **BELOW** me."



"Then, I was on the **ROOF**... and it was just one more spot with no place to hide."



"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open."

"I didn't think about what I had to do next..."



"...I just *DID* it.

"ALMOST.

"Maybe with no rain... or two good hands.



"Instead I dangled helplessly... steadily slipping... while Roy Batty came to gloat.

"Or perhaps just to bear witness.



"I showed the only thing I had left. My *ANGER*. I got to swear at him once...

"...and it was all over.

"Except I didn't *FALL*."

"For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun."



"But I felt a *SPASMING* and *STIFFENING* in the hand that lifted me...and finally realized the *PURPOSE* of Roy Batty's game."

"A last *BATTLE* for the ultimate warrior."



"He sat down across from where he propped me. Time passed and we stared at each other through the rain..."



"A pigeon fluttered into his grasp. Holding it gently, he broke the silence."

THE THINGS I'VE SEEN...THINGS YOU LITTLE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE...!

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE OFF THE SHOULDER OF ORION... BRIGHT AS MAGNESIUM... C-BEAMS GLITTERING IN THE DARK... SHATTERING BLINKERS AT THE TANNHAUSER GATE...

ALL THOSE MOMENTS... THEY'LL BE GONE.



"Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself."

"I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had...as though he loved every second of it...even the pain."

"Then he was *DEAD*."



BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN LEE'S OLD JOB...

...for better or worse is in my hands. Yes, I'm the Editor-in-Chief of the entire Marvel Comics line, and I love it! Tomorrow the world!

BUT FIRST, THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

Last month I mentioned (barely) something called EPIC COMICS! I promised to tell you more about them this month. And so...

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE EPIC COMICS GROUP!

A lot of our ideas start with a "What if...?" A while back, Archie Goodwin, who's the Editorial Director of EPIC Illustrated Magazine, was sitting in a corner of the Bullpen sulking because his Associate Editor, Mary Jo Duffy, is so brilliant and efficient that he's always winding up with too much spare time. As I was walking by, I noticed Al Milgrom pull up a chair beside Archie to console him. Al, as if you didn't know it, is the genius editor of Marvel Fanfare, a few other terrific series, and the outrageously successful Marvel Graphic Novel, *The Death of Captain Marvel* (it was only the best-selling trade paperback in the country early this year!). Not being one to miss out on a chance to loom over people, I, too, joined Arch in his corner.

My keen mind instantly deduced the cause of the problem. "Arch," I said in a wise, fatherly tone, "what you need is more work!" Staring into the sludge in the bottom of his coffee cup, Arch slowly, quietly muttered, "What if... what if we got together some of the best comics creators available..."

"Arch, um... that's our job, man! That's what we always do!" said Al, looking concerned that Goodwin had finally flipped.

"Let him finish, Al!" said I. "He may be onto something. I hope..."

Still staring into his cup, Archie continued. "We'll get the best! The very best! We'll pay them a lot of money so they can take their time..." He looked up, wild-eyed, his voice growing louder. He uttered each word as though it were meant to be carved onto stone tablets. "...AND THEN WE'LL LET THEM DO WHATEVER THEY WANT!" He was shouting.

"Shhh!" I said. "You'll wake Hobson!" Mike Hobson, of course, is our Vice-President of Publishing. He doesn't really take afternoon naps in his office, but I started that rumor hoping to keep the noise level down in the Bullpen.

"Don't you see?" Goodwin hissed. "We'll encourage them to go nuts! All new characters! All new universes! New concepts! A whole new line of comics!"

"How's that different from EPIC Illustrated... or our Graphic Novels, Arch?" I asked softly, trying not to upset him further. Clearly, he was already raving.

"I'm talking about comics! Not short stories! Not limited runs! Not novels or one-shots! I'm talking comics!"

"You mean... you're talking about new, ongoing titles, like *The Amazing Spider-Man*?"

"Yes! New series! But not like Spider-Man! Different! Weird, even! But just as great!" Arch was shouting at me again. Meanwhile a light seemed to go on in Al's eyes.

"Yeah... Yeah!" said Milgrom. "I can see it now! We'll print on good, white paper... in full color!"

"We'll offer great deals to creators!" I added, catching on. "Incentives to make 'em pull out the stops and create! Special contracts, like the Graphic Novels and EPIC Illustrated use—that'll bring the superstar talent running!"

"Wait! What'll we call this new line?" Al belatedly. The entire Bullpen answered him.

"THE EPIC COMICS GROUP!" They were on their feet, cheering.

"Your problem is solved, Arch," I said, smugly.

But he was sitting again, hunched over, staring at the sludge. "Hey, what's wrong?" I asked.

"This is a big project," he muttered without looking up, "I don't know if I have time to fit it in. I may need another assistant..."

THUS, IT BEGAN!

Something like that, anyway. I'm pleased to announce that the first issue of our first EPIC COMICS GROUP series will go on sale in October. It's called *Dreadstar*! It's by Jim Starlin, and it's everything that such a historic premiere issue ought to be. It'll be on sale through stores serviced by our Direct Distributors only. It'll be priced at \$1.50 and a steal at that price. I confidently predict that its value as a collector's item will quickly soar.

If you don't live near a collector's store or another outlet serviced by a Direct Distributor, I'd suggest that you avail yourself of the special subscription offer below. That way you can be sure to get every issue!

STAN LEE'S NEW JOB...

...the one glommed onto a couple of years back, as V.P. of Creative Affairs, which entails being creative boss, big deal producer and high-cosmic muckamuck for Marvel's film studio, *Marvel Productions*, is keeping him very busy. Why so, you say? Well, I've managed to talk Stan himself into explaining what's up in Hollywood in a special Stan's Soapbox appearing on this page next month! That's quite a feat, considering how busy he is with the four new shows and... oops! Almost stole his Hollywood Mogulship's lines! I'd better cool it...

...Till Next Month!

Stan Lee

THE HYPE BOX

DAZZLER #21—The story so dramatic... so moving, we had to make this issue double-sized to contain it! Featuring: the shameful secrets of Dazzler's mother, the fate of Carter Blaire, Dazzler's Carnegie Hall debut, and more super hero guest-stars than you can imagine! And don't miss this issue's senses-shattering photo-cover!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #234—This time for sure—in addition to our usual STERN/ROMITA JR. Spider-Man magic, there's a special free bonus insert for you this month: the *Marvel Comics Guide to Collecting Comics*.

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #93 — The Thing and Machine Man and Jocasta!
- ☐ TEAM AMERICA #6
- ☐ KING CONAN #13
- ☐ G.I. JOE #5
- ☐ DAZZLER #21
- ☐ KA-ZAR #20
- ☐ DENNIS THE MENACE #13
- ☐ DAREDEVIL #188
- ☐ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #234
- ☐ CAPTAIN AMERICA #275
- ☐ THOR #325
- ☐ MICRONAUTS #47
- ☐ GHOST RIDER #74
- ☐ MOON KNIGHT #25
- ☐ HERCULES (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ CONAN THE MOVIE #2
- ☐ WOLVERINE (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ INCREDIBLE HULK #277
- ☐ AVENGERS #225
- ☐ CONAN #140
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"Not too much later, the cops came to take him away. GAFF was with them."

HERE... ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND YOUR GUN INSIDE.

AS FOR THE REMAINING REPLICANT... THE PRETTY ONE FROM TYRELL...

I'M THROUGH. I'M GOIN' HOME.

"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof."

IT'S A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER... BUT THEN AGAIN, NO ONE DOES.



"I drove top speed all the way back to my place."

RACHEL...!

The apartment was silent. It looked empty.



"Nothing seemed out of place. Then I noticed the FORM on the bed. Motionless. Covered by the sheet."

RACHEL...?



"I stared. Afraid to touch her..."





"...until she opened her eyes and smiled."

DO YOU LOVE ME?

I LOVE YOU.



DO YOU TRUST ME?

I TRUST YOU.

"I got her up, threw some things into a case, and fresh rounds into the pistol."

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN, NO ONE DOES."

"She didn't say anything. And neither did I."



"Not even about the little foil-sculptured unicorn I found outside the door."

"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"

"I headed North. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were subjects we couldn't discuss and words we couldn't say like death. Like future. But for all that... Rachel was more alive than anyone I'd ever known."

"Blade Runner. You're always movin' on the edge. I guess it's inevitable. Someday you'll fall. On one side..."



"...or the other."